HERE LIES

THE

INNIS HERALD

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V60 2024–25
The Innis Herald
in 10 years

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Samantha "Sam" Guevara: At 32, still the top 1% of Spotify listeners worldwide

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The Innis Herald acknowledges this land on which both the University of Toronto and Innis College operate. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, it is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work in and on Tkaronto.

letter from the editor

dear readers,
come here often?

to the returning and the newcoming Herald apologists and appreciators alike: welcome to v60e4 of *The Innis Herald*. as you may or may not know, or as you may or may not read headings, i am the editor-in-chief, and it is with great pleasure that i bring to you a brand new issue–which will be the fourth and the grand finale to v60.

while this letter may be the beginning of this paper, it is releasing during a time of endings. the academic term is coming to a close, and so is V60 of the Herald, as is my undergrad career. for the entirety of my degree, i have written for this publication, and admittedly–however, not regrettably–have put more effort into it than i did for academic assignments.

since my second year, when elected as the creative director, i became a film columnist. for the past two *Herald* volumes after that–since my third year–i have had the privilege to be the twice-elected editor, in addition to a film columnist. needless to say, the Herald has been a worthwhile opportunity that i have always cherished.

whether it be creating a festival-screened indie short film in my first year, moving to Québec for a month in my second year, being asked out at Robarts by an old TA of mine in my third year, or experiencing the daily quarter-life crisis of wondering what happens post-grad in my fourth year, my time at UofT and Innis has been eventful, to say the least. but above all, there has been one incomparable thing: writing these letters, releasing new film columns per issue, and working on this newspaper as a whole. well, maybe three.

being a publisher has been fulfilling, especially as i am in awe of the art that has been put out over these past years. from 3 am masthead texting to annual general meetings, i cannot emphasise how the art that the Herald is has been made possible because of its community. with much appreciation, i shout out the readers, supporters, contributors, editorial team members, and compost liner users. i hope there has been contentment in your role as a reader. student voice and personal expression are so important, and the Herald reminded me of that every day. i hope it reminds you of that too.

to accompany the time of transition here at the Herald, this edition focuses on how we are all in stages of moving on... to grad school, 9 to 5s, and all the indignities of adulting. time comes and goes, whether or not you are ready – but defeatism sucks, so we refuse to give in. whether you will be stuck inside the cubicle, or trying to fight your way into a workplace, this edition is themed around *Dreaming on the Job*. enjoy these pieces we have in store this time around. this is our best yet – and i would say our best is yet to come, but i will not return, so that is debatable.

as always – and never forget it, i know i will not – hot people read the *Herald*, hotter people contribute to the *Herald*, and the hottest people run the *Herald*. or, in this case, have run.

sincerely, your editor-in-chief signing off for one last time with a final letter,
samantha "sam" guevara

Innis Mosaic

In the '70s, the Mosaic was a way for the Herald community to share their important thoughts or stories across the college and campus from confessions to updates, if not bar recommendations.

As of 2025, here is what we have to say:

the only lesson i have learnt this semester was that apt200 turns anyone straight.

Innisians' newest makeout spot: the current Herald office (a storage closet in the Residence).

Cthulhu: smash.

Grad photos are an absolute scam. What do you mean I need to pay $95 ON TOP OF A $20 FEE AND $14 for delivery PLUS tax. For a single digital photo. Extortion by all accounts.

Megalopolis REALLY sucks. I'm sorry Marty.

I saw a lady practicing her wushu broadsword form outside of Kelly Library last month. It was then that I really wished I bought a shield instead of this stupid laptop.

in order to minimize people talking about me behind my back, i've decided to change my pronouns to hey/you.

Amid a game of bananagrams at 12am, Ryan goes, "I fear I may be bleeding after all."

Sam talks about her workout routine, and mentions the stairmaster. Yash overhears her, and as someone who does not exercise, jumps in to question her and ask, "Who's the stairmaster?"

Sam: "Did you cut your hair?" Jake: "Yeah, a homeless man on the TTC asked for change and when I told him I did not have any, he told me to go get a hair cut. That was my wake up call"

Meet some Innis groups from this year:

Orientation

Innis College Student Society

The Innis Herald

Out@Innis

What I Learned Directing Three Short Films in Toronto, and Whether I'll Stay

Ario Shakarami

FEATURE

Many students at Innis College fancy themselves avid movie-goers, and often filmmakers. My friends in the Cinema Studies program are huge film fans, and some have even gone out and directed their own works. I hope my buddies Batu and David don't mind the shout-out. They're top of the game. I'm also among that group, as a three-time writer/director now, having three short films under my belt since I started formally in 2023. I definitely don't have the amount of experience that a feature-film director would, but I've learned a few things from these endeavors—war stories, if you will—that may be fruitful to share.

My first short was a 90-second film called *Mortu's Redemption*, about a reformed prisoner out on parole, trying to redeem himself and be moral in ever-tempting circumstances. This film was mainly a supplement for one of my three university applications—I'm happy to say, I got accepted into this particular school, but still went with UofT, obviously—and was quite modest in its approach. I enlisted the help of my good friends Jason, Colby, and Olivia, and went out one weekend in the freezing cold of January 2023 to shoot this picture in the car, outside and inside the gym, and at my house. The end result is a hastily-edited but still somewhat charming 90-second proof of concept that gave me some confidence in what I was doing. I probably should have moved the Kleenex box from inside the car during the shoot, and definitely gotten some extra takes out of my actors. We were embarrassed to really get down and dirty in the gym scene, which made it difficult to get good results; this definitely wouldn't be the case today. Through it all, I gained a great appreciation for the organization and consolidation of forces it takes to get a crew together and compile the pieces—even if it is for a minute-and-a-half end result.

My second short film, titled *PEEK*, aired in November of the same year, and transitioned to the horror genre. I've never been a big horror fan, to be honest. I never grew up on horror movies—the closest thing for me was watching the shaving scene in *Hulk* (2003). This one began as a personal project, but coincidentally coincided with a Horror Film class assignment I had due, which aligned all the stars and resulted in quite a good product. For this one, I tightened the scope of the project, relegating the two characters to a single room, for about three and a half minutes. The story would be a basic break-in story: a monster of some sort breaks into a young couple's house and terror ensues—except the camera never leaves the bedroom. We wait for the creature to come up the stairs and reach us, thus trapping the audience with the female character in this small, claustrophobic environment. I enlisted the help of an old friend from grade five, Diya, whom I hadn't seen in many years, and my high school pal Alex to play the two young characters. I took the role of the masked creature on myself, which didn't require much acting. As a side note, I had worked with Diya in grade five when I actually directed a humble school play about a *Murdoch Mysteries*-esque detective story and cast her as one of the leads. Who knew we'd cross paths again to work on my second film? Her acting skills had definitely improved by this point. My main goal with this film was to keep it humble and easy to shoot—with two characters, one location, and me behind the camera—while using editing and tension-building techniques to...well, build tension! I had an allusion to *A Christmas Carol* (2009) when the ghost of Ebenezer Scrooge slowly comes up his creaky stairs to wreak havoc; so slowly, it was almost painful to hear every loud *clunk* on the wooden steps as he got closer and closer. That's why I didn't go crazy with jump scares, but tried my hardest to build up and increase the tension within the diegesis. Depriving the audience of crucial light in the scene at certain parts also added an element of surprise when the climax comes in a flurry. By this time, I had little equipment other than a DSLR Canon camera, a Rode shotgun mic, one battery—which had to be recharged in between scene breaks—and a flashlight taped to a scrap of purple plastic from an old duotang that would serve as my ambience for the lighting department. We played around with ketchup as blood and worked not to stab Alex with the huge machete, and ultimately, I think it came out quite great! As an exercise to build my tension-ramping skills, I'd say it worked perfectly.

My third and last film so far came out in May of 2024, titled *Retrace*. The picture was my most ambitious one yet, combining four professional actors—no longer teenagers—with a 15-minute run-time and a screenplay that was unmatched by my previous work. The story follows a man on the quest to avenge his murdered wife, whose drive-by shooter had been loose on the streets since her murder. Garrett, played here by the incredible Mason Sheaves, suffers from his frayed mental faculties since the accident and

Mason Sheaves in Retrace (2024)

almost goes after the wrong guy during his vengeful mission. After consolidating with his Aunt Steph and shambling through theological psychology and polemical argumentation, he realizes none of what he thought he knew had actually occurred, but that the entire film was a closed loop happening inside a loose dream that foreshadowed real events. I hope that sounded confusing, because you should just watch the movie and experience it for yourself: bit.ly/retrace-film

This film taught me various lessons: for starters, actually buy equipment. We shot this in March, when the weather hit almost -10 Celsius during our shoot, which made the mostly outdoor locations feel like shooting in Antarctica. No one was quite dressed enough, and holding the camera without a tripod or gimbal and trying not to shake was the challenge of a lifetime. I was thankfully supported by a DP, who was dating one of our cast members as well, and graciously gave us much of his equipment to use for the shoot. Unfortunately, he had more malicious intentions than I expected, as when shooting ceased, instead of giving me the footage immediately, he promised to send it online, before going home and sending me a contract to sign before he would give me my film's raw footage. Basically, he was holding my movie hostage for a signature that would guarantee him monetary compensation should the movie do well! This should have been done upfront, and despite getting consent forms from the actors, I didn't think to do the same for the DP during the fast-paced pre-production process. After a lot of argumentation, the whole thing was fixed, but it taught me a valuable lesson to always demand your footage immediately after wrapping up a shoot, shoot on your own SD cards, and preferably use your own equipment so there is zero hesitation when demanding your footage. More importantly, it taught me to be a stronger leader and it got my hands extremely wet with respect to writing a psychological thriller in the essence of films I love, like *Memento* or *Shutter Island*. It taught me how to reach out and cast real actors, and keep everything on a net-zero budget while having everything accounted for. An education unlike any film school you can go to.

What does the future hold? My plan for the moment is to direct another short, before moving on to my first feature film in Toronto. The Canadian system is much more dependent on public funding and grants than its American counterpart, which is more private-based. For a smaller-budget project, like I plan to go with for my first feature, I think sticking to the beautiful city of Toronto is the right move, as I know it like the back of my hand and I will have already acquired valuable connections. After that, they say the less individualistic culture of Canada necessitates southward migration at a certain point, but let's see how patriotic I'm feeling at that stage. Maybe it's foolish to plan things this big, years in advance. Maybe a boulder will fall on my head next month and end it all. Maybe nuclear war will break out. Maybe not. Being a filmmaker these days feels a bit like tampering with the atomic bomb, but y'know, I don't mind being Oppenheimer for a while.

TERRIBLE TEMPLATE #6

[To whom it may concern | Hey, my mom's friend who's seen my baby photos | To my future overlord, the great and terrible],

I am applying for the entry-level role of _____ in your esteemed company _____, where I have wanted to work since the day I was born. I came out of the womb and introduced myself to my mother as a future member of the #_____ family. I even dressed up as _____ every year for Halloween. I bring to this position ___% of a degree from the Harvard of the North, with ___ years of experience in the industry.

Job title · Name · Company motto · CEO name · Add 5 years. Everyone else does.

You should hire me because [if I have to continue living with my family I'll blow up the whole city | I have a great personality once you get to know me | I have a shitty personality but I'm young and hot and everyone else at this office is crusty as hell]. I have a [4.0 | 3.999] GPA. I am [trustworthy | enthusiastic | desperate for approval] and [pathologically incapable of rest | willing to go to jail for your profits | a people person].

To prove to you just how committed I am to this role, I have included [one of my kidneys | my first-born child | a used Roll-Up-the-Rim cup | a coupon for a free blow job] in this package.

[PleasepleasepleasepleasePLEEEEEEEEEASE | I hope to hear from you soon]!

[Sincerely | Best | My mom says "Hi!" and to give me this job], _____

One for the CV

Roommate Conflicts: The Unexpected Resume Booster

Jo

FEATURE

Navigating roommate conflicts isn't just about keeping the peace at home—it's a crash course in problem-solving, communication, and negotiation, all of which are valuable in the workplace. If you've ever settled a dispute over dishes or set boundaries on shared spaces, you already have the conflict resolution skills employers look for—time to put them on your resume!

Got no clue what to put in the 'skills' section of your resume? Had some trouble with your suitemates? Look no further—you've got the skills right here. University is a time for firsts—first year at university, first job applications, and, perhaps most significantly, the first experience of living (mostly) on your own. Sharing a space with roommates or suitemates can be exciting, but it also comes with its fair share of challenges.

Whether it's negotiating bathroom schedules, agreeing on cleanliness standards, setting quiet hours, or making sure no one "borrows" your groceries (because, let's be real, food is expensive), these everyday conflicts teach valuable skills that extend far beyond dorm life. Handling these situations requires clear communication, problem-solving, and compromise—the exact kinds of skills employers value. Asking your roommate to respect quiet hours? That's negotiation. Setting boundaries over shared spaces? That's conflict resolution. Figuring out a fair system for taking out the trash? That's teamwork.

These experiences don't just make for a smoother living situation—they build transferable workplace skills that belong on your resume. So next time you navigate a roommate disagreement, remember: you're not just keeping the peace—you're also leveling up your resume. Now go get that job!

Unsolicited advice from a sentimental graduand

Yash Kumar Singhal

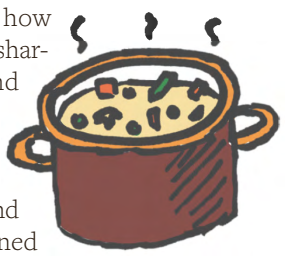
FEATURE

There is less than a month to go before I attend my very last undergraduate lecture. With midterms and assignments and club meetings and work shifts, I didn't even notice FOUR YEARS of uni pass right by. While a weaker man would scream, cry, and completely give into the senioritis, I have instead decided to channel my internal freak out into this article. The last article I will write for the Herald as an undergrad...

My very first submission to this paper was a little advice column I wrote back in 2022, at the end of my first year. Now, as the grand finale of undergrad crawls menacingly ever closer, I think it's only fitting to write another. However, instead of coming up with eight profound pieces of advice myself, I've decided to do what any good academic does and ~~plagiarise~~ share lessons that my friends, family, and faculty have taught me (with citations of course).

1. "Feed your friends" (Abcarius, 2022)

While living with Isabel in the summer of 2022, I quickly learned that every single time she was in the kitchen, I was bound to get a plate of whatever she was cooking, whether I asked for it or not. From fancy french onion soup, to frozen poutine, and even 5 POUNDS OF PIEROGIES FROM SCRATCH, she would share her food with reckless abandon, never letting anyone even try to pay her back for a meal. Now, every time I cook for myself I make a teeny bit extra to share with a roommate or a friend, and it always makes me feel loved when they do the same. Most of the dishes I know how to cook I learnt by sharing ingredients and ideas with my various roommates over the years. Feed your friends and they'll get conditioned to feel happy (and hungry) every time they see you.



2. "FLOOR TIME" (Guevara, 2021-25)

University is a constant barrage of to-do lists and deadlines—this we know, but no amount of scheduling and learning strategies will stop you from being overwhelmed. The only true cure to this devastating ailment is *floor time*. My dearest friend Sam (yes, the editor-in-chief of this fine publication) taught me that every once in a while it is important to get off your chair, grab a pillow, stop working on that problem set, and SIT ON THE FLOOR. It's a distraction, a change of scenery, and there is no better feeling than talking your friend's ears off about utter nonsense while sprawled out on the ground. Once you hit the cold hard floor, the only way left to go is up.

3. Small gestures matter (Yi, 2023. Unpublished data)

My other bestest friend and ex-roommate, Jamie (yup, the ICSS president, it is so fun having friends in high places) taught me the importance of small gestures. Though he never actually said this to me, I have been on the receiving end of his little gestures innumerable times. Whether it's dropping by that event your friend is organising, or bringing a small bouquet to a buddy's performance; remembering to wish someone best of luck before an exam, or ruining your sleep schedule because your roommate needs to rant at 3am; Jamie is always up for a chat and down to help. It's the tiny bits of effort that add up to make a good friend.

4. "The world is a better place because you're choosing to put your curiosity into it" (Gosain, 2023)

The wisest and coolest Innis grad I know is Rhea, my co-orientation-coordinator in second year and favourite person to have brunch with. I have this quote written up on a little post-it on my wall and it has pushed me to pursue my career in research. But it doesn't just apply to science! Being curious, asking questions, and trying to search for answers is a difficult endeavour, but it is a truly crucial one, without which our lives would stagnate. So read books, watch videos, do research, and question everything. It is what you are here to do.

5. "In this house, we do not blame ourselves" (Srivastava, 2023)

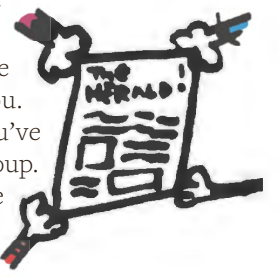
Nishka, who I met through UofT's summer Arrive Ready program for over-enthusiastic try-hard nerds, has always inspired me to push myself academically and artistically. After a particularly hard day at the lab, she said the above quote to console me over a failed experiment. It is truly impossible to control every variable and meet every deadline. Her words remind me that when things go wrong, it's never right to doubt your aptitude but rather work to find solutions. You made it this far, didn't you?

6. "By all means, try. You may well have a shot" (Keil, 2024)

This is something the principal of Innis College, Charlie Keil once said to me. Whenever there is an opportunity, always ALWAYS apply. Don't have the experience you need for a job? Maybe they are looking for someone with a fresh perspective. Is there an award or scholarship you don't think you will win? Maybe you're more qualified than you think. Is there a student leadership role that is normally only filled by upper years? So what! You might become the youngest person ever to take up the mantle. APPLY FOR EVERYTHING.

7. "It is a community because of you" (Basra, 2025)

The Innis Herald has been my home and my people ever since first year. I joined as a junior copy editor, then became EIC, and now I have been managing editor of this little venture for the last two years. My time at UofT would have been bland and boring without the paper and I like to think that I in turn added a bit more personality to the publication. If there's one thing I'll miss from undergrad, it's running the Herald alongside the masthead of maniacs mad enough to run it with me. The formula is simple: find something you enjoy, find others who enjoy it too, put everyone in a room, and make something stupid that even more people will enjoy with you. At that point, you've stopped being a group. You've become something unstoppable: a community (Winger, 2009).



8. "We'll figure it out" (Nathan, 2023; Boyle, 2024; Finley, 2025)

Throughout three research projects under the mentorship of three different grad students, one thing has been a constant: something or other always goes wrong. The first couple of times it happened, I panicked and frantically emailed my mentor again and again and again. Each time, I was met with the same answer: "We'll figure it out." Now it serves as a constant reminder that there exist no unsolvable problems and no solitary endeavours: you just haven't thrown enough brains at the issue. Collaboration and conversation cures all.

I hope you can find some semblance of wisdom in this sentimental mess of an article. There were just way too many things I wanted to say and too many people I wanted to thank through this piece. But halfway through, I realised that this is but a thinly veiled excuse to immortalise one message, in print forever and evermore, to all my friends and mentors: I love you.

The End.
Yash

Tracing the Butterfly Effect: A Reflection on My Time at Innis

Kyle Newcombe

FEATURE

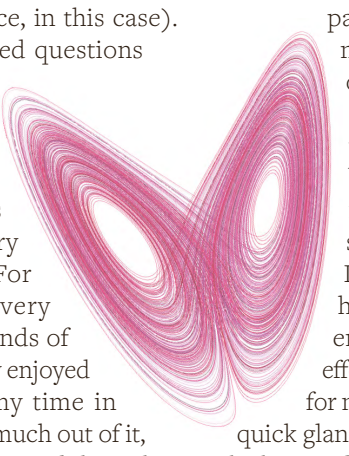
Time flies, doesn't it? I can still remember showing up to Innis orientation four years ago like it was yesterday. "Showing up" is itself a bit of a misnomer, as it was the fall of 2021 and orientation was entirely online. Despite that definite setback, I did manage to quickly make some new friends before classes began. As my first semester began, there were some key moments I didn't recognize as overly significant to my university journey at the time, but in retrospect are impeccable demonstrations of the butterfly effect.

Applying to the Innis Residence Council. Accepting an associate position on the IRC, even though I applied to be a junior house representative. Starting to contribute to the *Herald*. And perhaps most strikingly, attending the Principal's Dinner and "Kandy with Keil" events in October, where I met our venerable college principal, Charlie Keil. His encouragement, along with encouragement from multiple of the 2021-22 IRC executives, convinced me to run for president of the IRC at the end of my first year.

Being president of the IRC was a stepping stone to so much more within the college. I got involved with the Innis College Council, which culminated in me serving as the student speaker this year. I became an ambassador for the Renewal and Expansion project, where I've made many connections with Innis staff and alumni. I also began to serve on the board of directors of the Harold Innis Foundation, helping make key decisions to preserve and further the legacy of our college's namesake, Harold Innis. I was even crazy enough to run for re-election as president of the IRC, serving as the council's head for a second time during my third year.

I've been involved in numerous other small ways at the college, and I've also been an employee here, working as both a residence tour guide and a front desk porter at different points. But aside from my own involvement and both what I put into and got out of it, the Innis community has always had my back these four years. The residence has been my home, especially given that I have lived in the exact same room each year. My friends and the staff here have had my back too, and have picked me up whenever I've fallen (and I've definitely fallen *hard*). My academic, personal, and leadership development has been profoundly shaped by everyone here at Innis, and I'm so grateful for this environment that has allowed me to thrive. My contributions to this very publication are also emblematic of my growth; in part through my contributions to the *Herald*, I've come to not only enjoy writing when I never used to, but also feel confident in the strength of my writing style and quality.

I've been asked at various times throughout my undergraduate journey about my extracurricular involvement, whether it be at a panel for first year students or in a conversation with an alum. Most recently, it was as the subject of a project my younger sister was working on, where she had to interview an upper-year student in her program stream (commerce, in this case). One of her project's canned questions was about extracurricular involvement: whether I was involved, in what I was involved if so, and whether I had any advice or regrets regarding post-secondary extracurricular activity. For a while now, I've had very similar answers to these kinds of questions: I have thoroughly enjoyed my involvement during my time in university, I have gotten so much out of it, and I wholeheartedly recommend that other students get involved in whatever way they can. If you're a returning student reading this, I therefore implore you: you're never going to have a better opportunity to learn, grow, and engage with like-minded peers than by getting involved here at Innis. The fact that I can so easily trace back the beginnings of my broad involvement within the college to a few key moments early on demonstrates that so much good can come from a few seemingly insignificant decisions, so you might as well go for it. Apply to join that club. RSVP for that event. Ask your friends what they're involved in. You never know where those incremental steps might take you.



Growing up, seeing my parents roll their eyes whenever they received an alumni relations call from their university led me to believe that post-secondary education was a largely transactional experience. Even though you're likely to make life-long friends at university, there's no reason to become attached to the institution itself and its community writ large. Once you stop paying tuition, there's nothing more that you're going to get out of the relationship. My experience at Innis College has taught me that I could not have been more wrong. Through my relationships with students, staff, and alumni here at Innis, I know that I'll always have a home here, regardless of my enrollment status. The butterfly effect has been so clearly cemented for me, especially considering that a quick glance at a St. George campus map which caused me to misunderstand the layout and the location of the colleges is what drove me to put Innis as my top choice of college in the first place.

Taken as a whole, my Innis involvement has truly been one of the most transformational experiences of my life, and I could not be more proud of what I have accomplished and grateful for the support I have received as a member of the college. It has been an honour and a privilege to be so involved in the Innis community over the last four years, and from what I can tell there is an amazing crop of rising student leaders who I'm sure will continue to make Innis an incredible and unique place to be a student. I'm excited to graduate and begin my next chapter, but I will definitely miss my home.

letterboxd.com/unhingederanged

Samantha "Sam" Guevara

ARTS & CULTURE

Throughout the past three years, since the end of my first term, I have had the pleasure of writing for this paper, and the privilege of contributing to this film column. Now, in my fourth year and last month of university, I write this final issue and wonder, *Where did the years go? When did I write any of these? How did time slip by? What should this theme be? Why do I still prioritise my articles over my assignments?* and other thoughts of the sort.

As a soon-to-be-grad, which also means a soon-to-be-no-longer-contributor-to-this-publication, I believe it is only fitting to dedicate this endmost piece to the most important lesson that I learnt during my post-secondary journey: life looks different for everyone, but regardless, life is not easy for anyone.

We need films that encapsulate our moods, capture the everyday, and represent human experiences, embracing both the frightening and the fascinating in life, reminding us of not only the worthiness of living, but also the different ways living may look.

Without further ado, a movie critic (*avid Letterboxd user*) and a film scholar (*undergraduate with a Cinema Studies minor*) presents the twelfth issue and concluding edition of *Sam's Showtime Schedule*: **STORIES ABOUT LIVING.**

***Perfect Days* (2023)**
Dir. Wim Wenders

"Next time is next time.
Now is now."

Oftentimes, it feels as if there is so much ahead, yet somehow not much to look forward to. German filmmaker Wim Wenders and Japanese actor Kōji Yakusho team up to create a charming film which poetically depicts this sentiment, and does so by depicting the ordinary. Specifically, the ordinary on a daily basis–its challenges and sense of routine. However, rather than mundaneness, *Perfect Days* portrays reality, from being alone or being around others, to working nonstop or having days off, as not only simple but also lovely. Meet Hirayama, a closed-off man in his solitary late 60s, who spends his days always in the same way–from waking up pre-dawn to cleaning the public toilets of Tokyo by day–and is content. The rich colour, personable soundtrack, and calm story takes a weight off of my shoulders, and reminds me that no matter how small or simple life may seem, we as humans are never truly small nor simple.

***Yi Yi* (2000)**
Dir. Edward Yang

"Life is a mixture of happy
and sad things. Movies are
so lifelike — that's why
we love them."

Each member of the three generations of a middle-class Taiwanese family in Taipei, the Jian family–a father, a teenage daughter, and a young son–reconcile their relationships from both the past and present, on a daily basis, all in search of the meaning of what the modern world means, from careers to youthhood.

***Riceboy Sleeps* (2022)**
Dir. Anthony Shim

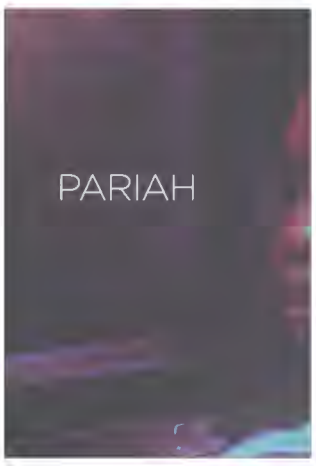
"If you cry or show
weakness to people they
will walk all over you."

An immigrant single Korean mother moves to suburban Vancouver and raises her teenage son during the 90s in an effort to bring him a better life than the one she left behind, and while the family of two finds relationships to cherish and overcomes challenges of assimilation, they are not immune to the humiliations and miscommunications of marginalisation that cultural otherness consists of.

***Moonlight* (2016)**
Dir. Barry Jenkins

"At some point, you gotta
decide for yourself who
you gonna be."

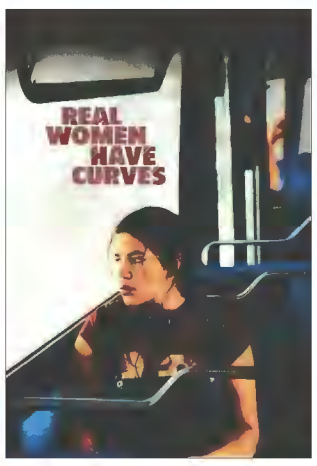
To tell a raw tale of the journey from boyhood to manhood, and do its complexities justice, is difficult. Much less in the context of intersecting masculinity with identities of poorness, queerness, and blackness to further resonate with the main themes of identity, sexuality, and community. However, Barry Jenkins' Academy Award Best Picture winner *Moonlight*, adapting Tarell Alvin McCraney's unproduced play *In Moonlight Black Boys Look Blue*, chronicles the life of a poor gay black man, and in so doing powerfully portrays a significant coming-of-age. Meet young "Little," adolescent Chiron, and adult "Black" as they withstand poor socioeconomic status, domestic violence, drug abuse, the school-to-prison pipeline, queer identity struggles, and systemic racial norms in Miami. The story sheds light on the intersectionality of living in Florida during the late 80s by cleverly mixing music, geography, and cinematic elements–most notably colour theory and sound design–intertextually in a visual and narrative masterpiece that is careful and craftful.



***Pariah* (2011)**
Dir. Dee Rees

"I am not running.
I am choosing."

A seventeen-year-old black butch lesbian lives in Brooklyn as she firmly comes to terms with her identity and not only embraces herself, but also her desire for a first lover–however, at the same time, she lacks an ability to live freely as she cannot confide in her family, who do not approve of her clothes nor mannerisms nor friends, on top of being an already-strained household.



***Real Women Have Curves* (2002)**
Dir. Patricia Cardoso

"I didn't ask for you to
give birth to me."

A first-generation Mexican-American high school graduate receives a scholarship to move out of her home to study at university but must spend the summer stuck with parents who prefer that she stay at home to support the family, learning lessons along the way that teach her how to choose her future, from dealing with mother-daughter issues, to being a part of a working-class family, to accepting her body.

***Scarborough* (2021)**
***Dir. Rich Williamson,
Shasha Nakhai***

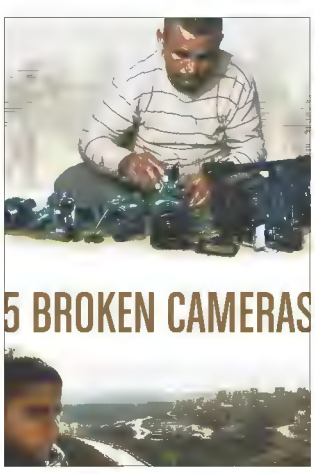
"Community members are
always in need."

Three young children who reside in a low-income, tight-knit Toronto neighbourhood, in an adaptation of Catherine Hernandez's 2017 novel by the same name, struggle with stability yet find friendship, build community, and radiate resilience over the course of a school year through an after-school program led by a supportive educator.

***The Breadwinner* (2017)**
Dir. Nora Twomey

"Raise your words,
not your voice."

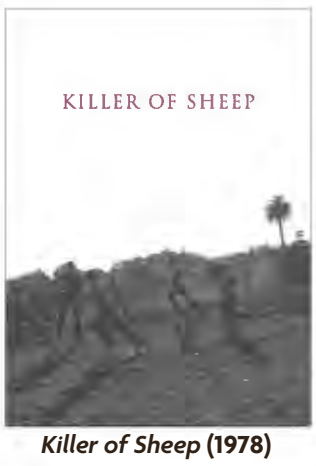
An eleven-year-old girl lives under Taliban rule in Afghanistan in 2001, and upon the wrongful arrest of her father, cuts off her hair to disguise herself as a boy in order to provide for her family, discovering a world outside of her home full of freedom and simultaneous danger as she begins navigating her quest, relying on determination and hope.



***5 Broken Cameras* (2012)**
***Dir. Emad Burnat,
Guy Davidi***

"By healing, you resist
oppression [...] Forgotten
wounds can't be healed, so
I film to heal."

A Palestinian farmer buys his first camera in 2005 to record the birth of his youngest son, and following the violent destruction of each one of his cameras over five years of village turmoil, the filmmaker records his family's evolution through first-hand account of non-violent resistance in Bil'in, a West Bank village under threat by encroaching Israeli settlements.



***Killer of Sheep* (1978)**
Dir. Charles Burnett

"Start learning what life is
about now."

A Watts resident in an urban African-American district of Los Angeles works exhaustive hours at a local slaughterhouse, then goes home to his unnamed wife and their two children where stress continues, as the quiet lives of the family lacking opportunity are showcased through episodic events of struggling to keep the family afloat and alive and wondering whether a better quality of life is possible.

Playlist of the Month

Leaving Town

1. The Morning of Our Lives – Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers
2. Seventeen – Sharon Van Etten
3. 138th Street – The Walkmen
4. First Night – The Hold Steady
5. Parallel or Together – Ted Leo and the Pharmacists
6. Tezeta (Nostalgia) – Mulatu Astatke
7. Dear Sons and Daughters of Hungry Ghosts – Wolf Parade

Zachary Zanatta
ARTS & CULTURE

The first light of the morning sun cuts through the dust on your bedroom window and pierces your bleary, morning eyes, but you've been awake for hours. You lie motionless in your bed, eyes trained on the faded rectangle of wall space where you used to keep your favorite poster. Your room is unrecognizable, years of hard work has been packed into cardboard boxes. You take a deep breath. Today is the last day you call this your bedroom. Soon you'll slap it with the label of "childhood" bedroom, closing the door on it being your space forever. Today you're jumping ship. You're embarking on a new voyage and leaving the old world behind. Today you're leaving town.

Jonathan Richman's "The Morning of Our Lives" is the war cry of this new dawn. The last morning brings with it a mix of feelings. You're excited to go, of course. There's a world just on the horizon and it's about to be all yours. Richman's clear declaration of success is the mantra of the new day. The rising sun is a beck and call, and Richman is able to decipher its language into poppy optimism. But the morning isn't easy. The realization that you're going for good is hard to swallow. What if this new world isn't welcoming? What if your childhood bedroom is the last place you're ever going to call your own? Richman seems to understand this fear too. His song isn't an anthem to sell out arenas, it's not that confident. It's hushed affirmations in the face of the gargantuan unknown. With eyes squeezed shut, Richman tells you, "You're ok," and you're happy to repeat that to yourself. The day to follow will be emotional and difficult, but right now, alone in the room you grew up in, it's the morning of your life.

Downstairs, the car is already packed. Boxes of you are stuffed into the back of your dad's truck and he's in the driver's seat ready to go. You can't shake "Seventeen" by Sharon Van Etten out of your head. It's making you sad, but it feels right. There's still one thing you have yet to do. You turn to your siblings. They're dressed in their school uniform, but they skipped first period to say goodbye. Seeing them in the same uniform you used to wear makes Van Etten's song ring in your ears. They're just kids, like you used to be. Van Etten's bitter and loving confusion fills your heart, and you give them a hug. You want to hack off part of your body to leave behind, just so a little part of you can keep an eye on them. Deep down you're worried for them, you're afraid that nobody's going to look out for them like you did. But even deeper down, you know they'll be ok. They're just seventeen, you used to be seventeen too.

"138th Street" by The Walkmen slows down time as you drive down your street. You stare out the window to memorize each little detail of your suburbs. Even as you concentrate, the car is going too fast, and the picture-perfect image of your suburban childhood begins to slip into fuzzy impressions. You blame it on your dad speeding, but even you know he's purposely going 10 under the limit. The Walkmen's song views memory through a smudged window. It washes an excited rock song into a weak spectre. It's a ghost of rock and roll, and turning off your street for the last time, you relate. Behind you, people will grow up. The street will change, and the community will shift, but you're long gone with only a flickering memory remaining. It will always be a home to you, but you're no longer a neighbor to them.

As you leave your street, your town blossoms to life. The church, the park, the elementary school, the grocery store that burned down when you were 11. But these aren't empty monuments, this was your home. "First Night" by The Hold Steady breathes life back into memory with fist pumping energy and the wizened charm of classic rock. You see the swing set where you had your first kiss, the convenience store where you tried your first sip of alcohol. You're not just passing through; you were this town. You etched your name into its surface, and no matter how much they buff it, they can never erase you. The stop sign you hit when you learned how to drive is still crooked, you and your friends etched your names into a sapling that has since become a forest, the graffiti that taught you how to swear is still fresh behind a mailbox. Like The Hold Steady, you hold each memory and throw it into the world where it sears itself into the fabric of the land. All the love and the heartbreak—you don't have to take it with you, but it'll be here when you come back.

You're approaching the highway, and your heart suddenly twists into a knot. What if you never let go? Will your town forever be a spectre looming over your every move, waiting for you to inevitably fail so it can welcome you back with open arms? Or worse. What if you forget? What if the new world is so intoxicating that your childhood is slowly pushed further back into your mind until it blinks into nothing? You ask your dad. He tells you there's a middle ground. You're reminded of "Parallel or Together" by Ted Leo and the Pharmacists. As you change and grow, so will your relationship with this town, but it'll never go away, you'll forever be bound by a cosmic string. Like Ted Leo's description of a disintegrating relationship, you and your town will always move parallel. No matter how far you may think you are, your home is closer than you think. You'll be exhausted and you'll be nostalgic. Sometimes, it'll be a shadow and sometimes it'll be a distant planet. But like it or not, it's a part of you. Ted Leo's song closes with defeat, but you see it as acceptance. As your town shrinks in the rain spattered rear window of the car, you realize that your dad is right. You'll be seeing it again.

Soon, the rhythmic bumps of the highway lull you to sleep. As you shut your eyes, you're suddenly 20 years into the future. You visit your old town again. They fixed the stop sign, and the old convenience store is a patch of grass now. There's a lot of old, and there's a lot of new, and you find yourself standing right in the middle. "Tezeta" by Mulatu Astatke is the soundtrack to this dream. It's soft and sad, but familiar. You walk through the places you grew up in, passing through walls like a ghost. You feel like a kid again, but you can't shake the fact that you're a visitor. The town grew up, and so did you. You sit down on the bench you used to sit on when you waited for the bus. There's nobody out and the world is eerily still, but the clouds still move across the sky. You remember what "tezeta" means, it's an Amharic word for nostalgia. Fitting. You remember you're in a dream, but you choose to not wake up. You allow Astatke's lullaby to keep you safe in your town. It's your town and your town only.

But if you know me, you know I won't close you out on this. When you snap back awake and you stare into that great unknown on the horizon ahead and your surroundings have transformed into a drab slog of grey industrial complexes, I leave you with one final song, "Dear Sons and Daughters of Hungry Ghosts" by Wolf Parade. It's an exciting and passionate send up to heaven, its garbled vocals and ringing guitars erupting into a symphony of exultation. I can't see where you're headed, but I give you this choir of blistering rock and roll because sometimes when you're flooring the pedal you need a little more than just gas in the tank. So, take all your memories of the old world and light it on fire. Hold your sadness and your hope close to your chest and jump into the cold water, I promise it will be ok. The future is a whirlwind of ups and downs that will toss you like rocks in a landslide, but at least the tunes will be bumping. When you must bid the past adieu, it's best done with a fireworks show and a bow. So please, turn the volume up as high as it goes and crash into tomorrow with all the thunder and the passion that I know you have. I hope to see you on the other side.

Jean Rollin: Poems for the Past's Vampires

A portrait on the surreal horror director Jean Rollin

Burak Batu Tunçel
ARTS & CULTURE

It certainly wasn't the time to watch films during May 1968 in France – when the people were on the streets, protesting capitalism and imperialism. One of the few films that still managed to have a theatrical run during this turbulent period was a small independent horror feature called *Le viol du vampire* by a first-time director.

Eyewitnesses to these screenings recall not understanding what the film was about because of the noise in the theater. Film-goers ripped out the theater's seats from their stalls and threw whatever they could find to the screen. Yet, maybe it was the film's idiosyncratic structure that fired up the chaos in the first place. What French filmgoers watched was a far-cry from the Hammer style of gothic horror. Quite the contrary, this was a film which subverted the subgenre and presented it within an unlikely mix of arthouse, exploitation and experimental film.

During a certain screening, audiences went on to chase and attack one particular person in the theater: Jean Rollin, the director responsible for the film.

Despite receiving similar harsh treatment in his home country throughout his career, over time, Rollin's films have found an international cult audience due to their mixture of slow, atmospheric moods a la arthouse with the violence and nudity of exploitation films. The lavish, transgressive posters these films were marketed with definitely targeted the exploitation audience but the poetic tone and patient pacing they offered was sometimes too "arty" for these film-goers. This unlikely relationship between two very different tastes in cinema has never been everyone's cup of tea.

But what made Jean Rollin films so weird? Why did his style exist on seemingly opposite ends?

Rollin was one of the few among his countrymen to practice the *cinema fantastique*: a term used to define films with fantastic elements of all sorts, therefore partially including horror. It wouldn't be a stretch to give credit to the French for inventing this kind of cinema for it was Georges Melies who first saw the charm of the imagination in his magical shorts and the famous *A Trip to the Moon*. Despite that, production of *cinema fantastique* in France slowly died out during and after the World Wars and it was mostly through foreign exports where French audiences could meet with fantastic cinema.

Rollin was one of the heads in the crowd when American serials were playing in France during the 40s and 50s. Serials did not function like popular cinema in the, as they were fragmented to episodes, and they offered spectacle over story. Each part of the serial would pick up where the previous left off, continuing in the middle of the action, only to end with a cliffhanger once again. Serials offered escapist adventures which seemed to go on forever, because of how each episode ended in the climax. It was the thrill and anticipation of what comes next.

In fact, Rollin came to realize that the production of his first film *Le viol du vampire,* was like a serial itself. He was given the duty to shoot a 30 minute vampire film by a producer who wanted to patch it onto an already existing 60-minute picture in order to market it as a feature length. In a way, Jean was continuing from what was left off, like a serial's protagonist himself. Impressed with what the young director had done with such a small budget, the producer now commissioned Rollin to make another half to his film, so it can become its own individual product. So, he had to go again and revive the characters from the situation he left them, in order to continue his own story. The film therefore has the tagline: "A melodrama in two acts".

Nevertheless, Jean Rollin's films often are more bizarre than confusing. The storylines are quite simplistic, but the presentation is always embedded with a certain atmosphere of dread which looms throughout the film. As the films move along, the mood becomes the heart of the narrative and the story merely secondary. Yet, it is often the symbolic, surreal approach which make his films so rewarding and memorable.

Rollin was always public about how he learned from the godfather of surreal cinema

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himself, Luis Buñuel, in how he crafted his films in that dreamy realm where logic is dismissed in favor of free associations. It is no coincidence that his career-retrospective film, *Dracula's Fiancée* ends with a couple on a beach like Buñuel's *Un chien andalou* does.

The match of surrealism and *fantastique* is the rationale Rollin adopts in crafting his vampire stories. Often, they are not literal vampires but are expressionistically portrayed as such - as is the case with the cult of women who feast on blood to cure their anemia in *Fascination*.

His world is where a vampire can teleport between dimensions through a huge clock, like in *La vampire nue*. The symbolism may appear estranging in a Brechtian sense to first time viewers, but after seeing a couple of his films, once that suspension of disbelief occurs and you've surrendered to his fantasy, it feels organic.

Indeed, the clock is crucial to his filmography given how much of his work deals with time - and naturally, memory. Often in the climaxes of his films, the characters inexplicably find themselves in a rocky beach that is always haunted by the violent waves hitting its shores. It often is where the secret passage in the gothic castles lead to. The beach appears frozen in time, and fittingly enough is the place where eternity begins. It is the passage to another dimension in *La Vampire Nue* and the place where the protagonist of *Lips of Blood* finally achieves perpetual love. A journey to this beach in Dieppe is a travel through time, as much as space. This is the beach of his childhood, and later on where he shot his first short film. Over time, Rollin revisited the beach so many times in his filmography that one can't help but wonder if this was the way in which Rollin kept his imagination vibrant by being in this place where no signifiers of time exist.

Sometimes Rollin's work appears as if he's reimagining the films he saw in his childhood. Classic archetypes manifest themselves as vampires, pirates and thieves. Universal's gothic sets are revived through his on location shoots in abandoned castles.

Nevertheless, nostalgia is not always sweet escapism for his characters as sometimes the past returns to harm, disfigure and murder. His famous gore film, *The Living Dead Girl* tells the story of a girl who's resurrected from the dead but is unable to remember anything from her previous life. It is revealed that she has a thirst for blood now, and her childhood friend offers her human sacrifices in hopes of curing her. Nevertheless, the longing to bring back their relationship in the past results in gory carnage.

Even though it is hard to say what exactly is Rollin's relationship with the past in general; in terms of cinema, it is quite evident that he liked the oldies better. A certain portion of his experimental film, *Lost in New York* is dedicated to the narrator name-dropping his favorite films, and out of all that are not his(!), they are all films made in the 40s and 50s. Maybe it was his style being retrospective even back then in the late 60s and 70s that created the sense that his films were impenetrable. The surreal atmosphere in his works makes them appear frozen in time, even though they are rooted in an older tradition of filmmaking which was conditioned by the exploitation market's needs of their time. Almost 15 years after his passing, Rollin's films are timeless as ever, and they continue to weird out and fascinate viewers.

Family Movie Night Ft. Andy Samberg

Darini Nagalingam

ARTS & CULTURE

I asked my mother if she watched the Oscars earlier this month. She told me she didn't because she didn't watch any of the movies that came out. "They're all full of killing and dying," she complained.

A great start to planning Family Movie Night.

The dilemma is this: I have to find a movie that is complex enough to keep my father engaged, interesting enough for my brother's attention span, calm enough to satiate my mother's personal Hayes code, and *not* a Marvel movie (for my own sanity). The challenge is further complicated by the fact that my family refuses to stray too far into the "esoteric" category — that is, anything that doesn't align with their established worldview.

My family, as many average moviegoers, don't take well to anything that is a harsh challenge to their schema. Even *Wandavision*, the one Marvel show that I liked, was too unfamiliar for them. If they're stuck constantly asking "what's going on?" whatever message the movie is trying to send flies over their head. They don't watch movies to let themselves be changed by them; they watch movies that affirm what they already believe, movies that are easy to digest, movies that keep them comfortable. Hence: no killing.

And how can I blame them? Not everybody watches movies to radically change their worldview. For my family, who are constantly moving and working and worrying, Movie Night is a time to unwind after a long stressful day. If my mom wants a cute Hallmark movie after frying her brain with spreadsheets for eight hours straight, then all power to her.

But I'd rather swallow a bullet than watch a Hallmark movie, and my father would probably agree. So I follow what I like to call the *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* formula.

My parents took fast to *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* for a few key reasons: short episodes, snappy humour, and the subtle ways it challenges the status quo. While *Brooklyn Nine-Nine* showcases a perfect white all-American main character, it also centralizes the experiences of multiple black characters, female characters, and queer characters, all with their own interesting personalities and dynamics. By nestling depictions of minorities in the comfortable formula of a workplace sitcom, the show picks at my parents' established worldview in small easy-to-swallow bits.

For that reason, *Bottoms* (2023) was an excellent hit with the family. It's a campy comedy chock-full of jokes that aligns with a discernible genre of the teen movie while also including ironic nudges to difficulties of the queer experience. And yes (spoiler), it does have killing, but it's so unserious that even my mother liked it. *Palm Springs* (2020) is another good fit: it's fast-paced, the time loop is an easy-to-understand magical mechanism, and while the characters are multidimensional, their complexities are bundled up in an easily-digestible plotline. To top it all off, my parents already love Andy Samberg!

Why Dreams Aren't Your Reality: Late Night Notes on *La Boum* and Misleading Nostalgia

Chloe Gong-Miniere

ARTS & CULTURE

There is an impossible sense of trepidation when it comes to remembering the blurry images of a childhood-defining film. There is a similar sense of trepidation when an article idea bolts into consciousness, propelling the unlucky writer to discard all responsibilities and dig into the recesses of the mind and the web hoping to strike at the reason behind this electrifying feeling in order to compose the next great personal essay.

Perhaps they are not the same. One is entirely Proustian; the other, some self-indulgent shit.

In any case, it was around 8 p.m. in late February when Spotify played me the song "Reality" composed by Vladimir Cosma and performed by Richard Sanderson, and it was around midnight on the same stormy day when the urge to rewatch the 1980 French romantic comedy *La Boum* surfaced. I encountered the film for the first time around the age of twelve, in the company of my mom and my younger sister, back when we still lived in suburban Paris. If you search *La Boum* on YouTube, you'll likely stumble upon—even before the *bande-annonce*—a four minute and forty-five second fanmade montage set to the aforementioned song, a soundtrack hit and a recurring motif throughout the movie. Immediately upon listening to it, I was filled with a profound nostalgia I couldn't quite place. The late hour probably played a role, but it was this song, the notes of a bitter homecoming, that provoked in me a sudden emotion which expressed itself in the form of some hot, heavy tears. But why?

La Boum follows the life of thirteen-year-old Vic as she navigates her first adolescent experiences: a tumultuous first love, the joys and complexities of female friendship, an irrational yet deeply relatable fear of judgment, and the difficulty of communicating with her parents, both distanced by a generational gap and their own crumbling marriage. Her main preoccupations centre around dating a guy named Matthieu and attending *boums*, those crucial social gatherings more commonly known as 'parties.' It is a classic coming-of-age story. Yet it isn't one I should, logically, feel connected to. The film was released in 1980; I made my earthly debut in 2006. Vic is thirteen when she hangs out with her great-grandmother; my grandmother, whom I loved dearly, died when I was ten. Almost everyone in Vic's world is white except for a Black classmate and an Asian server; I was brought up by Chinese women and only spoke Mandarin until kindergarten. Also, I hate parties and have no interest in guys. The 70s aesthetics usher the viewer into a long-lost time, when iPhones didn't exist, no one met through dating apps, and people actually danced at parties. Was it in typical it-was-better-before fashion, then, that I yearned to travel to this unfamiliar reality?

I left France at thirteen. In a sense, dreams were my reality. A few months before moving, I began tracing on the foggy shower door the words 'CANADIAN DREAM.' Once, on an errand with my sister on a quest for tofu, I told her how immensely excited I felt to be finally free from this place, this city, this country. In her eyes, I found an accusation. She said, "But won't you miss your friends? Our life?" and I heard, "You are being unfair right now." She was right, of course. I had loving friends, we lived in a nice house which my mom worked on renovating for over two years. We had expressly moved to this area for the reputation of the *lycée*, and now that we had finally settled, things were about to change again, and drastically so. I found in my sister's eyes an accusation, and this accusation was echoed by the loss in my chest of this unwavering belief in one's own goodness, which I had nursed from childhood until then. After moving to Toronto, I spent a solitary year in the company of a notebook, darkening pages and pages whenever I could to avoid talking to people and processing the changes both my mind and body were undergoing: in the morning, at lunch breaks, in my room instead of sleeping. It was during those evenings that I first heard my parents fighting. Like Vic, their marriage broke down while my sister and I were away (our first stop when we arrived in August 2019 was a summer music camp), but unlike her, they didn't tell us outright when they came to pick us up. Something had shifted, and this something went unacknowledged for an additional nineteen months.

Maybe, then, my affection for *La Boum* springs from the recognition that upon my first viewing, I already knew what awaited our family, and am now able to experience it again from the time of the aftermath? Perhaps the movie fills this urge to imagine what could have been if my parents had, like Vic's, gotten their happy ending? If they were, like Vic's, meant for one another? The issue with this reflection lies in that they are not. The issue with this reflection lies in that it is only a trick of memory. At the time of my first viewing, my parents' marriage had not deteriorated enough for me to even contemplate a potential separation, and so this is a wishful reflection I am imposing on my twelve-year-old self, an attempt to make sense of the present by dragging this private tragedy into a remote past.

Still, nostalgia ripples in my ribcage. *La Boum* is many things, but at its core it's Paris; the pictures my French friends post on Instagram, the evenings they spend at clubs and cafés, all that I've never experienced, and now never will. *La Boum* is the amber hues of childhood, the fading ray of innocence falling across Vic's face as she falls in and out of love while slow-dancing to disco tunes.

In a way, FOMO lives on, as I, a commuter student, am now jealous of those living in res. But as Vic remarks of her reunion with Matthieu to her friend Pénélope, "it was like a movie." I am far from the only one who didn't and will never get to be Vic. *Most* of us never do. Life isn't a movie. And dreams aren't your reality... though we can always try to make them so.

Alexandre Sterling and Sophie Marceau in La Boum *(1980)*

The Truth About my Mother Tongue

Nicole Winona Velev

PERSONAL ESSAY

Among my most vivid childhood memories are the nights I would ask my mother to tell me stories about each of my cousins as she tucked me into bed – Erika, David, Cielo, Jessica, Laurita, Alejandro, and Paulina. I had only met them once, when I was three years old. Infantile amnesia had erased any memory of them, leaving me with nothing but the images I conjured in my mind of the bright, talented, and successful teenagers my mother told me stories of.

Strangely enough, the only memory I had was a view of Mexico City from a small airplane window. As clear as day, I could picture the millions of bright orange and white lights sparkling below at night. They stretched endlessly across a valley nestled between the towering Sierra Madre Oriental and Occidental mountain ranges. Yet, if Mexico City seemed to wrap around the entire earth, why did I feel so far away from my home, my family, and my culture?

In my teenage years, I visited Mexico only once. It was the last time I saw my family in Mexico City – Christmas of 2019. For the first time, I climbed to the roof of my abuelita's house, the family home that had raised my mother and her five siblings. Clusters of multicolored concrete rooftops like mine stretched out for miles.

"¿Quieres un tamal, mija?" It was my abuelita, who was making her way up the rickety spiral staircase. Her deep brown hair was always neatly pinned into a bun. She handed me a sweet tamal, still steaming. I carefully unwrapped the corn husk. It was tinted pink and speckled with raisins. Abuelita had bought a pot's worth from down the street.

"Gracias, mami."

Before taking a bite, I paused. I wanted to ask if she could stay on the rooftop with me. But I had forgotten the verb for "to stay." It was on the tip of my tongue. My abuelita was already halfway down the stairs. It was too late to think of another way to say it.

The only verb that came to mind was "to wait." *Esperar*.

There was no guarantee she would understand what I meant anyway.

It's a familiar feeling – having the words on the tip of my tongue, questions, thoughts, and ideas flashing through my mind – yet unable to pinpoint them, let alone force them out. I can think of the word now. The verb I was searching for was *quedar*, to stay. But in the moment, I was at a loss.

It's a strange feeling, having so much to say yet struggling to say anything at all – being selectively mute. All I can do is stand there, nod, and listen.

I often dream of speaking Spanish fluently; without stutters, without *ums*, and without the cadence of a native English speaker. In my dreams, I have effortless conversations in Spanish with my mother, my family, and strangers. And for a few fleeting moments after I wake, I feel rejuvenated, as if I've unlocked a hidden part of my mind. A long-buried reservoir of linguistic knowledge.

In those first few seconds of consciousness, Spanish feels within my grasp. After all, I just heard myself speak like a native.

But as full awareness returns, my illusion shatters.

My close friend Shandy is a Cameroonian-Canadian who regrets not knowing the language of her father's village. She once told me: "Only bilingual children understand the struggle and pride of carrying a conversation in their heritage language." She was right. Perhaps the sheer struggle of clinging to your heritage language is what makes those moments – real or imagined – when you speak like a true native so special.

There are millions of songs out there about love, heartache, and loss. But I have only ever stumbled upon one that captures the familiar pang of anguish that comes with losing the language of your heritage: "mother tongue," by Liana Flores.

> *"I guess I've known the truth since I was pretty young.*
> *That I never knew my mother's mother tongue.*
> *I'll fake all of my words 'til they point out to me..."* (Flores 0:48).

From a young age, I knew I would never know my mother tongue the way I wished to. I, too, would struggle to express myself with words that failed to capture what I truly meant.

The truth was simple. I never had the vocabulary to connect with my family, my heritage, or my culture.

During my visit home, I realized there were many things I had always wished to talk about with my abuelita. What was her hometown of El Grullo like? What did she love about my abuelito Chacho? I could always ask the questions, but the rich nuances of her answers would always be lost to me, a non-native speaker.

Hailing from vastly different parts of the world, my parents settled in Canada for a better life. I was born with opportunities they could never have allegedly imagined. As "mother tongue" goes, "The street beneath my feet is paved with rows of gold... or so I'm told" (Flores 0:32).

Likening asphalt pavement to gold is a bit of a stretch. Even if the streets glistened with the promise of the North American dream, I cannot help but wonder sometimes if it's worth being so far from fragments of my identity, my family, and the stories of a shared people.

During my 2019 trip to Mexico, I felt like an outsider in my second home. As the years pass without returning, I drift farther away from Mexico City. Slowly but surely, I lose a part of myself.

My cousins, aunts, uncles, abuelita, and I are not only separated by distance – 3,899 kilometers, to be exact – we are also divided by words, a gap that widens as I slowly lose my heritage language.

I have always felt torn between worlds. Ironically enough, a Spanish proverb commonly used by the Latino community reflects my autobiography: "Ni de aquí, ni de allá." Neither from here, nor there. Each of my cultures feel so familiar to me, and yet I am not wholeheartedly "from" any of them. Sitting on the rooftop of a home embedded in my family heritage, this became more clear to me than ever. In my 21 years on this earth, I don't think I will ever completely belong. But that's okay. Maybe not belonging anywhere is a part of my identity itself.

The Doctor Is In

You Should See the Other Guy

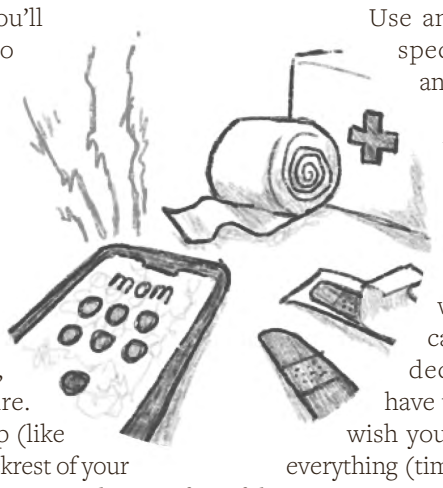
Kiran Basra

STUDENT LIFE

Disclaimer: the material in this article is for informational purposes only and is in no way a substitute for professional medical advice. Although Kiran's intelligence knows no bounds, she is not a real doctor nor a medical professional.

Maybe you said something stupid, or got mugged, or joined an underground fight club. Either way, you've been punched or you're bleeding, and you're panicking. Get yourself to safety; a public place like a bus or a streetcar, or a fast food joint or restaurant will help if you're alone and aren't at home.

Afterwards, this is how you'll know whether you need to go to the hospital, or just stay at home and rest.



Immediate action

Bleeding is frightening, but it isn't always a big deal. If the wound is on your torso or abdomen, take an Uber to the hospital. Otherwise, RED: Rest, Elevation, Direct pressure. Keep the area still, lift it up (like putting your arm on the backrest of your seat), and put an absorbent material on it. If you can't get something sterile immediately, choose something clean and dry. Press it to the wound, *hard*. A life-threatening amount of blood to lose is 5 cups, so you have more room to bleed than you think. If you bleed enough that it could fill a can of soda, Uber to the hospital. Otherwise, be patient. The body works on a timeline of hours, not instantaneously. Press the wound down for at least half an hour before checking if it's clotted.

One hour later

If your wound has clotted, apply an antibacterial spread such as Polysporin to prevent any infection, then put on a Bandaid or sterile gauze and tape. If something is swollen like a twisted ankle or wrist, try moving the joint. If moving makes the pain spike, it is likely fractured and you need to go to the hospital to get it properly immobilized.

If moving it does not change the level of pain, it is a sprain. Sprains are treated with RICE: Rest, Ice, Compression, Elevation. Keep ice on for ten to twenty minutes and don't let it touch your skin directly. Use an elastic bandage or a specially designed wrist/ankle compressor.

Provided that your wound is not actively bleeding and you do not have a fracture, you can go home now.

Deciding if you want to press charges can be a serious, difficult decision, but better to have the option now than to wish you did later. Write down everything (time, location, description of the perpetrator), and take pictures of your wounds. You'll be exhausted now; take a shower (be careful to keep any gauze dry!) and go to sleep.

The next morning

If you don't live with them or haven't done it yet, call your guardian. You can tell your mom a sanitized version, but you cannot keep this a secret from her altogether. It will cause more trouble when she inevitably finds out later. She'll also know insurance information and contacts for people you can reach out to. If turning on the lights gives you a headache, ask your mom to book you an appointment to be checked for a concussion. You cannot do it yourself because reading or talking on the phone will make your concussion worse, and an appointment will be easier than waiting in Urgent Care for hours.

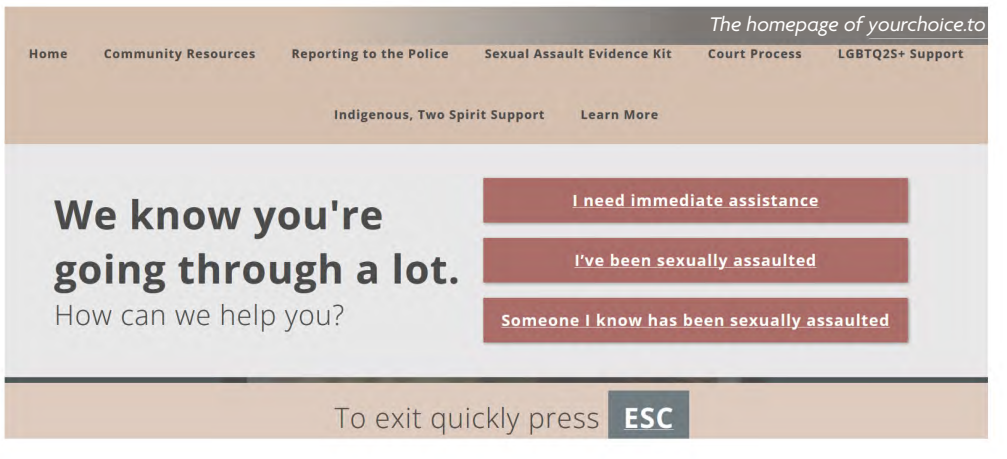
Getting checked is not optional; concussion recovery takes days if you do it right and weeks if you ignore it and do it wrong. This means you need a note from a doctor so you can be temporarily excused from classes. DO NOT SKIP THIS STEP. Post-concussion syndrome, which comes if you don't take concussion recovery seriously, can last for a year. It will ruin your undergrad. Be smart, take three days lying in bed bored out of your mind, and then move on with your life instead of deciding that you're special and immune to something that affects everybody. (I am being harsh here to try to persuade you to listen to me!!!)

If you were sexually assaulted, go to yourchoice.to, a Torontian website that will walk you through all your options for justice and support. Even if you are determined that you do not want to report it, I would strongly encourage going to look. Your duty is to yourself, and you might decide that while you need short-term privacy you need long-term accountability. Go buy the morning-after pill, which costs around $40 over the counter.

Two days after

At this point, your sprains should be partly recovered and any abrasions should start to scab over. If they do not feel better (not necessarily healed, better), then I would recommend booking an appointment so someone can take a look and prescribe any necessary antibiotics.

You went through something frightening. Go talk to someone about it. If you already have a mental health condition, stress will exacerbate your symptoms and you need a little extra help to get them under control. If you don't, remember that young adulthood is an incredibly vulnerable time for your brain, and take preventative steps. The best person to talk to is a family member or friend you can be truly honest with. If that is not an option, there are crisis centres meant for handling mental health run by U of T or the government. Many people suspicious of therapists find that faith-based counselling or volunteer peer support works well for them; it doesn't matter who you talk to so long as you don't let all that stress rattle around inside your brain.



After the Buzzer

Double Feature

Julian Apolinario

SPORTS

For the final issue of After the Buzzer, I want to get both sentimental, and kind of silly. The first half of this column is a reflection on the creative team of the past year using basketball metaphors. The second, an exploration of some fun sports-themed hypotheticals from me and Kiran.

Shaq and Kobe

The year 2000 saw the Los Angeles Lakers winning the first NBA championship of the new millennium, off the efforts of the superstar tandem of Shaquille O'Neal, league MVP, and Kobe Bryant, All-Star. 25 years later, north of the border, The Innis Herald published their 60th volume, creatively directed by myself, Julian Apolinario, and Kiran Basra.

Kobe joined the Lakers in 1996, fresh out of high school, to join Shaq, who was a four-year veteran, a star centre who had battled his way to the finals with the Orlando Magic. When I first joined the Herald, Kiran was the senior copy editor; I had only ever contributed. She copy-edited my first article and she started V60 by teaching me how the Herald functioned while simultaneously studying for a psych exam that was mere hours away. It was not only her experience but her commitment to teamwork and success for the Herald, that have made Kiran my valued partner in direction throughout the past year.

In 2004, the Lakers dynasty had won three championships in a row, the first to do so since Michael Jordan and his Chicago Bulls in the 1990s. But they were also subjected to constant infighting and had just been upset by the Detroit Pistons, breaking their streak. Us at the Herald? We simply will not have such things happen. At the end of 2025, our team is being broken up by the inevitable pull of graduation. Kiran is moving on to bigger and better things post-grad, and I could not be more pleased for her. Her presence and steady hand at the wheel will certainly be missed, but I'll focus less on this bittersweet destination, and more on the pleasure of last year's journey.

Cheers, Kiran.

Sports Rules We Think Should Be Implemented

By Julian Apolinario and Kiran Basra

- Merge Football and Baseball Together: Combine the excitement of action on the gridiron with the big wooden sticks of the great American pastime. The United States has long been internationally dominant in both domains, but I think it'll matter a lot less how fast Lamar Jackson can run if the defensive line is equipped with baseball bats. Put a Louisville slugger next to Josh Allen and see how often he gets sacked.
- Basketball Gets Handsy: For too many years have the short been oppressed by referees chucking the ball way up in the air, hoping that everything just goes fine. Sometimes that just won't do for the more vertically challenged among us. That's why games should now start with players sitting cross-legged on the court, hands interlocked, with a far more equitable thumb wrestling. The WNBA has plenty of marriages, and just as many divorces: let's raise the stakes by making some exes hold hands and stare into each other's eyes in front of their new girl.
- Soccer But One Player Can Use Their Hands: In my view, soccer has long forced those gifted in the upper-body domain into the nets as goalies. I think it's time for that to change. Let one player on the team use their hands: risk getting a thumb broken by a kick, or falling over trying to pick up the ball. Get a special jersey going to designate the hand guy. Take it off, share it around, confuse your opponents.
- Team-based UFC: Speaks for itself.

March 10, 2020: South American Football: *Football's Forgotten Garden of Eden*

Alex Pilling

SPORTS

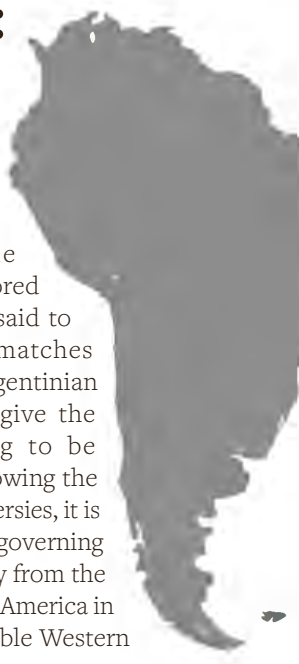
Football as a concept may have been born in the railyards of England, but it was in South America where the beautiful game was truly formed. With the first games held in Buenos Aires in 1863 and European settlers and sailors introducing it to other regions, the amateur version of the sport grew and spread throughout the continent until the end of the century. Clubs and leagues began to form, and thus began a rapid acceleration of the exposure, talent, and popularity of the sport.

However widespread it became, the game was always played at the highest level in Latin America, with national teams such as Uruguay and Brazil dominating early international tournaments and several such events being hosted there. The decades from 1930 to 1980 could perhaps be seen as when football was "at home" in South America. The world watched as Uruguay, Argentina, and Brazil hosted and dominated multiple World Cups, producing teams feared throughout the footballing world. Perhaps most famous however are the Brazilian teams from 1958 to 1970, when an 18-year-old Pelé ran circles around Europe's top defenders. He won 3 out of 4 World Cups he played in, establishing him as the rightful King of Football and making Pelé a household name.

Legendary talents like Pelé, Di Stéfano, and Garrincha, and the growing integration into national cultures were exemplified by over 100,000 people attending the 1954 World Cup Final at the Maracanã. And there are countless examples of South American domination those years and beyond, with three South American nations winning 45% of all World Cups despite these countries making up only 3.75% of teams who have participated. The Ballon d'Or is another telling metric, with South American players from Brazil and Argentina alone holding 27 of 78 Ballon d'Or awards. This takes into consideration the new rankings, where players playing outside of Europe like Pelé finally got the credit they deserved.

These accolades and national successes paint a very different picture, however, to social realities of the time. Towards the end of the aforementioned period, South American nations underwent drastic social and political changes, often violent. Pelé was outspoken about the rampant racism in Brazil, and often found himself clashing with the dictatorship ruling the country. Argentina had its own turmoil, with widespread social unrest culminating in a military junta that was established in 1976 and the Falklands War with Britain in 1982. Chile's Augusto Pinochet, a famously corrupt dictator, also assumed control of his country around the same time as the junta in Argentina was established, and Colombia became overrun by the drug trade towards the end of the 1970s.

Political and social changes such as these mark a shift in the footballing world, with what can be seen as the rise of European football in the 1980s and a decline of the focus on South America. Argentina 1978 was the last World Cup hosted in South America for 36 years, after hosting 5 international tournaments in 5 decades—but 1978 was rife with conspiracy. The government censored the media and is said to have corrupted matches in favour of an Argentinian win, in order to give the public something to be happy about. Following the unrest and controversies, it is clear why football governing bodies moved away from the instability of South America in favor of a more stable Western Europe.



One cannot ignore, however, the obvious and everlasting impact of racism and colonialism from European powers in South America which has historically had an immense impact on all aspects of life in the continent, and this has been shown to include football. As previously mentioned, the Ballon d'Or originally only included players who played in European leagues, showing a disdain or dismissal of the legitimacy of football from other continents. This is not to say that individual players were ignored: some of the greatest talents the world has ever seen hail from South America. However, it is telling that following the end of this period, all such players spent the majority of their careers in Europe having left their home countries. The poaching of talent by European clubs is almost akin to classic colonialism practices, as these players generated massive profit and success for their clubs. This even applies to international allegiance; Alfredo Di Stéfano is often credited as a Spanish player, despite growing up and beginning to play in Argentina before moving to Real Madrid and switching national allegiance.

Players like Maradona, Zico, and Sócrates became legends of the game while playing in both South America and Europe from the 70s to the 80s, but following the aforementioned socio-political troubles, players began to increasingly seek European careers. European leagues also restructured along with continental cups like the Champions League, drastically improving their acclaim and establishing Europe as the new home of football. Rivaldo, Ronaldo Nazário, and many others are examples of legends of European football of the 90s and 2000s that marked the surge in imported talent in Europe. Nowadays this is exacerbated; players like Endrick are snatched up as teenagers on massive deals without more than two years playing at home.

One would hope that, after the last 15 years which saw the domination of Messi and other talents like Neymar and Suárez, we would see more of a shift back towards South America. Many of the social problems have been alleviated or improved, there's been a World Cup in Brazil again, and with Neymar back at Santos and Messi in North America it seems as though talent is finding its way back to this hemisphere. The 2026 World Cup is in North America including Mexico, and the 2030 edition will include matches in South America to celebrate the World Cup Centennial. Will these World Cups bring the focus back to South America? Will more players return to their native countries before they retire and respark focus on South America? One can hope, as football's Garden of Eden has been out of the limelight for far too long.

Photo of Ballon d'Or adapted from Wikimedia Commons/Jaime de la Fuente (CC BY 2.0) https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/2.0/deed

The Black Cloche Expanded

Amelia Arrows

The Magazine

The plastic protective cover of the magazine flickered under the bar's gold fluorescent lights, as she flipped it between her fingers. It had been a week since Alyson's urgent call. Since then, she has sent over a copy of the current magazine. It was nothing special, containing the usual flashy photos of models and various ads that stood out from the boring column. On a normal day, Emma would not dare to be seen with such a flimsy piece of advertisement. However, in this instance, her green eyes were drawn to the small ad in the bottom corner. It announced in bold letters that the John Abanaki Apartment Building was currently on the market and was on its way to be demolished. Emma could not help but wince reading the familiar name.

It had been two years since she last heard it. Two years of binge drinking hoping to forget the pain the name brought into her life. Now it was back, in the shape of a magazine that stared at her from the crowded pages, taunting her.

She didn't notice the flat beer that was served to her until she heard a loud grunt, interrupting her thoughts. Emma looked up to see Scott, the young barista who stood behind the table, wiping a glass.

"Mind tellin' what's up in that pretty head of yours, kid?" said Scott over the 90s pop music that filled the Crow Bar.

Emma shoved the magazine in his direction. Resting her head on one hand, Emma reached for the beer with the other. Scott set the glass down on the table and picked it up to examine it. Cocking an eyebrow, Scott peered at her as she sipped her beer.

"They're tearing down my father's apartment building," she explained.

He let out a low whistle. "Isn't that the cheap one dedicated to students?" he said, giving it back to her.

"Same one."

"Don't they know how much students need it?"

"They want to turn it into an office," she said.

"Idiots."

The two stood in silence, listening to the music. Another customer came up asking for a refill. Once served, Scott turned to her.

"So what are you gonna do?"

"I don't know. My friend Alyson wants me to come back and reclaim what's mine."

"But you don't want that."

Emma sighed and rubbed her face.

"The thing is, that would mean I'll have to go back home."

"What's wrong with that?" he asked.

Emma bit her lower lip. "Too many bad memories," she said. "Besides, I have a life here. My roommate and I were going to rent an apartment. I hate to break up our plans."

Scott was about to reply when his boss Allen Crow came up to the bar. The man was lanky, and he carried an unpleasant look that seemed to be plastered to his thin face.

"I thought I told you, Scott, less chatter more serving."

Scott's face flushed. "Sorry sir."

Allen then turned to her. "You may be a loyal patron, Jean-Abinaki, but no more distracting my servers!"

Emma raised her hands in submission. "I was just leaving," Emma said, grabbing her bag and magazine.

Allen frowned. "Sure you were," he said, laced with sarcasm.

"In fact, you might not see me again."

A startled gasp from Scott caught her attention. She looked back at the barista.

"So you're going?" he said, with sadness behind his words.

Emma gave him a shrug. "Not for long, I hope."

Slipping her bag over her shoulders, Emma said her goodbyes to Scott, before stepping out of the bar and into the bustling city of Toronto. Throughout the four years she had been in this diverse city, she always felt like a person among ghosts. There was nothing homey about it, just over-the-top glamour to hide the lonely shell it was. Regardless, it was a nice escape from her small west coast city of Turtle Falls. Now, with the chance of returning home to the looming mountains, rocky beaches, dense forests, and vintage city architecture, Emma felt like her feet were stubbornly planted to the hot pavement of the concrete jungle. Did she really want to return to a place that was so tainted with painful memories?

With a deep breath, Emma did what she did best in these situations: take one step at a time.

Last Stereo

24-year-old Emma Rose Jean lay in bed, pressing her dog-bone-shaped pillow against her ears, trying to block out the irritating pop music that was blaring from the apartment down the hall. Grumbling, she rolled over and took a peek at the digital clock that glowed a neon green from its spot on the dresser.

2:45.

"Oh for the love of—" She clamped her mouth shut and sighed. "Sorry Lord," she mumbled. Throwing off the covers, Emma jumped to her feet. She then left her room and stormed down the hallway towards the noise. At last, she arrived at the door and raised her fist to bang on the door.

The door opened slightly. "Password?" said a deep Russian voice.

"Niko, let me in."

"Wrong Password."

Emma rolled her eyes.

"Come on Niko, I'm trying to sleep."

"Wrong password."

Pulling at her brown hair, Emma sighed. "If you don't open the door right now, I will call the police," she hissed. Finally, the door opened wider, revealing the scrawny college student. Shoving him aside, she entered the apartment.

Inside, at least fifty-five people were in the room, dancing to "Poker Face." Clenching her jaw, she snaked through the crowd to the back of the living room by the TV where the culprit Luka stood by a Sony speaker. His eyes lit up at her presence.

"Emma! So glad you could make it!" he said warmly. "Though I doubt that's the right look for a party," he said pointing at her messy bedhead and matching pizza PJs.

Fuming, Emma reached over and unplugged the stereo speaker from the wall and the pop music came to an abrupt stop.

"I'll be taking this."

"Hey! That's new!" Luka protested, grabbing her arm as she spun to leave.

"Let me go!"

He held his grip and gave her a pleading look. "I'll keep it low this time!" he pleaded.

"That's the fattest lie I ever heard."

"Come on Emma, must we keep doing this?"

"It is literally three in the morning, Luka!" She screamed at him.

"But the party just started!"

"I told you all week I needed my sleep for a flight that I have in four hours. You seriously couldn't wait until I left?"

The young Aussie stood firm. Groaning, Emma shook her head. She let out a sigh.

"You know, I really wonder why I even bother."

Giving him a glare, Emma finally broke from his grip and stormed out of the now quiet room.

Upon reaching her apartment, she locked the door behind her and entered her bedroom. She tossed Luka's new speaker into a nearby box of other irritating party speakers before flopping onto her bed in exhaustion.

She stared at the popcorn ceiling. At least she wouldn't have to deal with the annoying jerk anymore. In a couple of hours, she was out of this hellhole, and she couldn't help but smile at the concept.

When We're Stuck

Jai Mann

You sit behind your wooden desk, in a room with your very own bronze nameplate on the door. Do you think that you've made it? Made it, into that box. Do you think you've made it, even if you feel stuck?

You had the world before those four walls, you had more worlds than that. You were the movie star, the doctor, the decorated officer. Now you wake up like all the years before just to go sit behind a desk. Now your desk. One with your name on the door. You've made it! No, now you're stuck.

A way out, a way out, do you have it? You've spent so long staring at screens, too much thought in reading pixels, making calls that move projects like snail mail. Is that what you want? Is that the dream that kept your mind busy, distracted, in those dull classes? Do you still dream?

Maybe this was the dream all along, the desk. Maybe you only hate it till that pay cheque comes rolling in. Then you're satisfied when you see the numbers in your bank account go up. It's fine, you can wait till retirement to have the fun you want. You can't wait to enjoy yourself when your body is worn down. If you're stuck at that desk anyway, why not look up, and get a better view from a better floor, or are you feeling too tired to dream of even that?

Now behind your wooden desk, eyes drifting out the window to an invisible horizon hidden by buildings. Do you still have the energy to let your thoughts run? You always will. Can you see past the walls? The things that trap you, do you feel stuck? Slowly you've let your dreams wander from you, slip from between your sights while you were in a daze, but take that window of time. Look at the greyed-out sky, and imagine it blue. A moment of pause. If you don't, you'll cement to that desk like those around you, those before you, those after you. Those who thought they'd made it because they couldn't think of anything else.

Do you feel stuck? We all do at times. Sometimes the walls feel too close in. No place to run, the only escape left comes from the daydreams we use to push things away and close, a deep breath of relief.

Do you think you've made it? That it's time to settle, that it's good enough?

Inside my case of skin I want to breathe

There are books I've meant to read
when the lights are on the low
that escape the dead and gone
and the hurt that's hard to know
but alone inside my case of skin
I want to breathe the dead and gone
kiss the pictures of the refugees
and sorrow in their song
and for the hurt that's hard to change
I wish to whisper it alive
until the hurt that's hard to know
is known to all and not alone
for in the creases of contemptuous brows
and lands devoured and disavowed
I see the iridescence of a warming fate
that we will love each other loud
and put the scoundrels in their place
deep beneath below the ground
until the hurt that's hard to live through
charts its place between sweet tears
and agal blooms and you and me
and all the failures coasting memories
breathe

—Marie Kinderman

Executive Orders

And while they're erasing our future they try but cannot succeed at erasing our past-
When the soil where you sign your decrees was plowed by those men you chose to deceive,
The scars of their labour will always find it's way close to thee
You are forced to repeat the sins of your ancestors who once demanded that the land be sowed,
What you brought on your backs and cannot take back will stay embedded on your foe

—Giuliana Di Sanzo

Photography

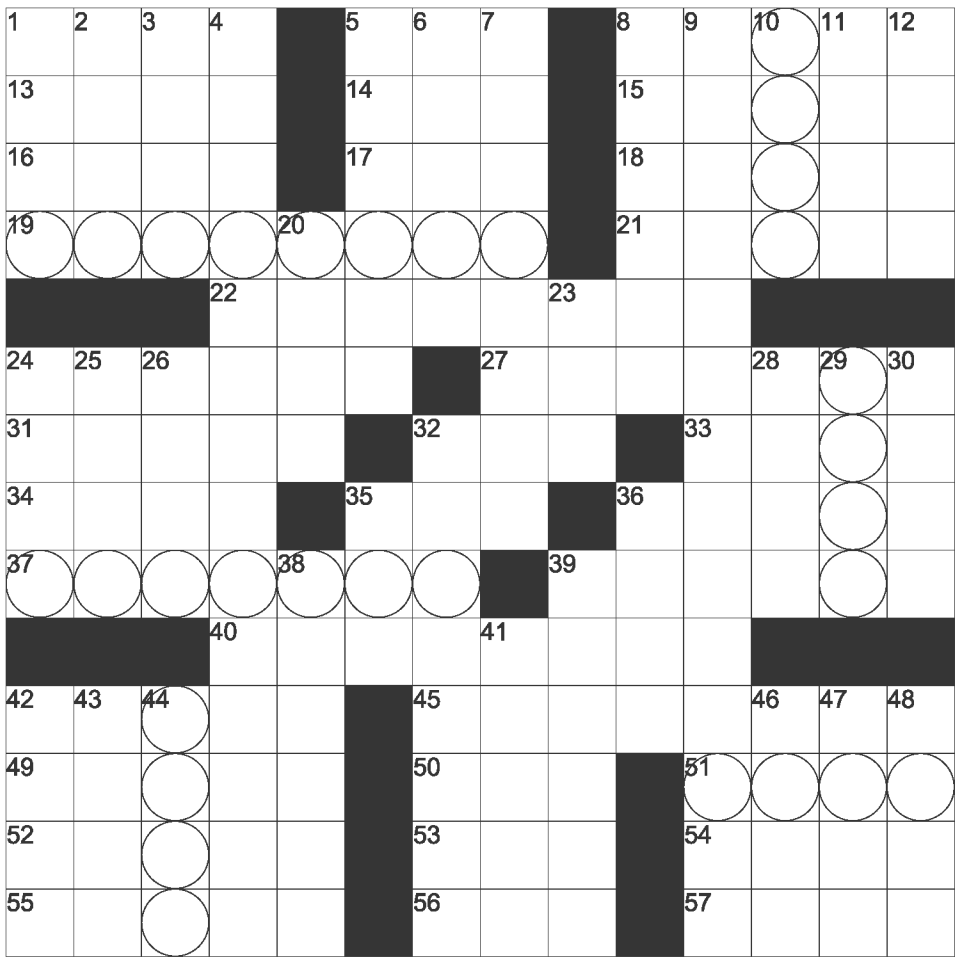
Jackson Gardiner

FEATURE

Ever since I began taking photos, I've been drawn to people on the job and the work environment in general. I find that people don't tend to look at work as a part of their lives that deserves to be viewed by others or romanticized. It feels intimate to peek behind the curtains of a workplace. Taking photos of people working is also my way of acknowledging the people you see on the street or at your local cafe but don't think much about when they're out of sight.

Tautologies

by Rick Lu



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17 Airplane authority in the US
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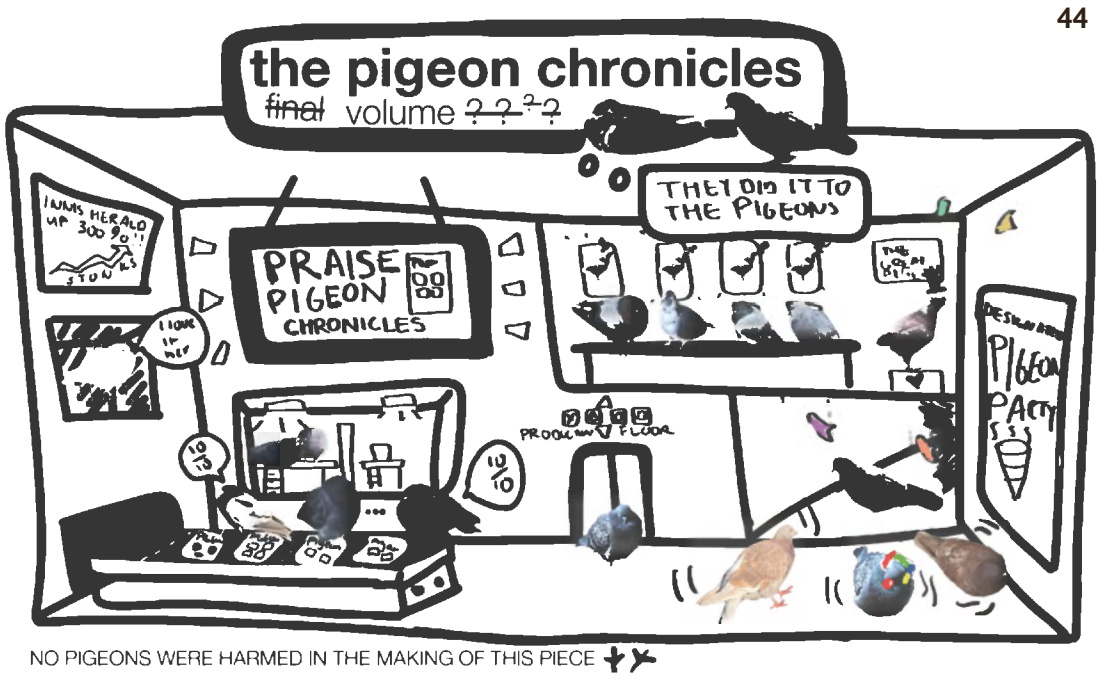
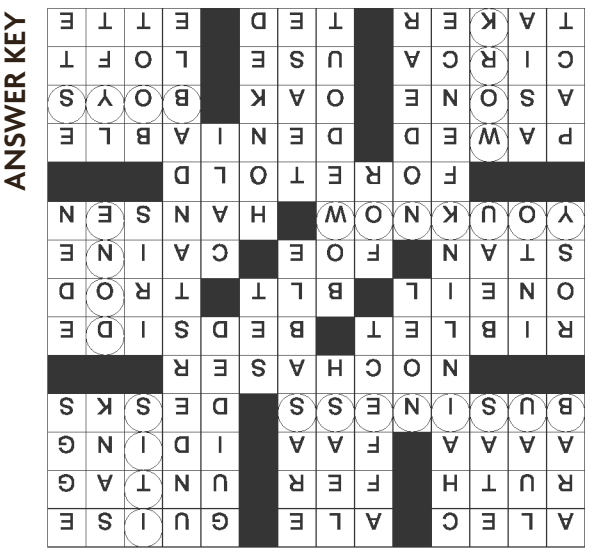
49 Together
50 Tree on the University of Toronto coat of arms
51 "___ will be ___": no intervention necessary
52 Word preceding a number, usually in the thousands
53 The point of something
54 Space under a roof
55 Accepter of an offer
56 Type of talk
57 Feminine suffix

DOWN

1 Saudi, e.g.
2 Hawaiian party
3 GPS estimates
4 Tennis court protector
5 Make a difference
6 Animal controller
7 Like text on a blackboard
8 Directed
9 "I get it"
10 "___ what ___": c'est la vie
11 Went the way of the Titanic
12 Groceries by the dozen
20 Christmas in Marseille
23 Collection
24 Cheek adjective
25 Big fan of
26 Boyfriend
28 Pupil diaphragm
29 "What's ___ is ___": we can't change the past
30 Famous garden
32 Withdrew
35 "What ___?"
36 LA state
38 Affectionate negative
39 Expressed frustration in a car
41 Make fun of
42 Agreement
43 One of the continents
44 "___ is ___": my job is uninteresting
46 Start a computer
47 Rideshare app
48 This in Madrid


the pigeon chronicles
final volume ??
THEY DID IT TO THE PIGEONS
PRAISE PIGEON CHRONICLES
PIGEON PARTY
NO PIGEONS WERE HARMED IN THE MAKING OF THIS PIECE

ANSWER KEY



bianca eats...as usual

the greatest one-pot creamy chicken pasta

cramming + carbs — the exam season survival pack

Bianca Mehrotra

FOOD

welcome back for round 3 of bianca eats... as usual!

i've got a good one for you today! the most special recipe for the last edition of volume 60! while you face the looming *threat* of tariffs, go get some canadian groceries and get cooking (literally). also, i know exam season is upon us, so i am bringing you a fabulous, stress-free, one-pot recipe that takes about 30 mins and is absolutely delish!

THE GREATEST ONE-POT CREAMY CHICKEN PASTA

perfect for this wildly unpredictable weather and equally fluctuating academic stress levels. this dish delivers creamy, savory goodness with minimal effort. let's be honest, the last thing anyone wants to do right now is wash five different pots and pans, or in my case, put them in the dishwasher :/ (less effort, same laziness)

ingredients

- butter
- 2 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 pack of mushrooms, sliced
- 4–5 chicken breasts
- green onions, chopped (garnish – i only used the green part)
- heavy cream
- chicken broth
- parmesan cheese
- garlic powder
- italian seasoning
- salt + pepper to taste

steps

1. WASH YOUR CHICKEN (PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE)
2. pat dry + season your chicken generously (salt + pepper)
3. heat olive oil in a pan over medium-high heat
4. pan-fry your seasoned chicken over medium-high heat for about 6-8 mins per side
5. remove chicken from pan onto a drying rack (plate w/ paper towel works too, to soak up the oil and fat)
6. sauté onions in the same pan over medium heat (no need to add extra oil or anything)
7. add butter to the onions to caramelize them quickly
8. once onions are fragrant, add garlic and then mushrooms
9. season again generously (salt + pepper)
10. allow mushrooms to cook until they have released water (the water will help deglaze the pan)
11. add chicken broth and heavy cream
12. season with italian seasoning
13. add half the green onions
14. once the sauce is created, pour some over the chicken while it rests (to stay moist)
15. pour in more chicken broth (should be enough to soak the linguine)
16. allow linguine to cook
17. remove from heat and add the rest of the green onions and parmesan cheese *if the pasta begins to stick to the bottom of the pan, add in more chicken broth*
18. add in a bit more heavy cream to build the sauce
19. serve and enjoy (top the pasta with your chicken)